THE DAILY SHORTSTORY

TOM BRENT, HIKER

By Liliace Montgomery Mitchell ATHLEEN IRWIN opened be eyes and saw the brilliant sunshine. She smiled and said her sister, who was already

Another lovely day sis."

And quite as suddenly as her face had wreathed itself in smiles the mosth fell into a straight line. It was Easter! Easter Sunday and the, Hiking Club would go as usual to the woods with a packed luncheon. Every other Sunday Kathleen had been joyous over the prespect been joyous over the prospect long week standing at the music counter suggesting this song or that rolling countless little rolls of sheet music taking countless numbers of nickles and pennies.

see the property and the major plants of the property of the p

Tom Brent his hands in the pocaets of his coat "you really need
somabody to—er—well to take
cars of you."

Kathleen, whose eyes had been
upon his but an instant before,
now looked out of the door.

"You see, Katy" said Tom Brent
huskily, "se've been taking hikes
together for a long time now. Why
not keep it up and bke right thrugh
life together?"

"Dear me, I hope you haven't
caught cold," said Kathleen irrelevantly,

And that night as Kathleen and her sister were taking down their hair Kathleen listened dreamily to er sister words: "Well another over sister words: "Well another over the control of th And that night as Kathleen and

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN Copyright, 1921, The West Virginian

If you would make an old-fash-ioned strawberry shortcake for two and not have more left over than was used follow this rule: Strawberry Shortcake for Two One pint berries, 2-3 cup flour, 2 dessertapoons butter, 1-8 teaspoon alt. 1 teaspoon baking powder

dessertapoons butter, 1-8 teaspoon alt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon sugar, cold water.

Mix and sift flour; salt, baking powder and sugar. Rub in butter with tips of fingers. Add water slowly, cutting it into flour with a knife. The dough should be just stiff enough to roll on a well floured board with a well floured rolling pln.

ing pin.

Divide in equal parts to roll. Roll



FIFTY, FIFTY

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON,

EIDERDOWN MOUNTAIN



"But I never want to remind you of it, dearest-dear! I shall hold you so close that no nightmare will have the ghost of a chance to get

have the ghost of a chance to get you."

"I behaved like a fool." Polly's voice was muffled by a coat lapel and a necktie.

"Not you, darling. But I acted like a brute and a barbarian."
Paul's words were blurred by a soft cheek laid against his lips.

"Paul—" after a slence.

"Yes, dear?"

"Would you accept an invitation from a lady?"

"Depends on the invitation—and

"Depends on the invitation—an

the lady."

'The Bastille Day calebration isn't over yet, is it, daar?"





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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Making the Most of an Opportunity WHAT IS THE PRICE OH THERE'S THAT MISS VANSHIPP THAT KNOCKED ME-SHE JUST CHARGE IT OF THIS HAT, MISS ? TO MR. WILBUR DUFF WILBUR THAT I'D PROBABLY DREXEL APARTMENT SIXTY SHOW HER SOMETHING! I'LL TAKE IT AND DOLLARS

BY ALLMAN

I KNOW I'LL HAVE TO SEND THAT HAT BACK TOMORROW BUT I HAD THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING HER EVES ALMOST POP OUT OF HER HEAD!